

NATIONAL RECORDER.

Containing Essays upon subjects connected with Political Economy, Science, Literature, &c.; Papers read before the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia; a Record of passing Events; Selections from Foreign Magazines, &c. &c.

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No. 6.

Agriculture.



"Let us cultivate the ground, that the poor, as well as the rich, may be filled; and happiness and peace be established throughout our borders."

In pursuance of a resolution of the Philadelphia Society for promoting Agriculture, passed June 20, 1820, authorizing a committee, consisting of the President and Curators, to publish such communications to the society as they may think proper—it was resolved by the committee, that the following be printed in the National Recorder, published by Littell & Henry, at Philadelphia.

By order of the Curators.

I. C. JONES.

ON THE CORNPLANTER.

Read 16th November, 1819.

Lampeter Township, Lancaster Co. (Penn.)
Eleventh Mo. 8th, 1819.

Sir—Having invented and brought into use a machine called a *Cornplanter*, for the purpose of planting Indian corn, which has been found by the experience of my neighbours and myself for two years past, to be extremely useful in facilitating the planting of corn in an improved manner, I herewith forward a model (not made to scale) for the use of members of the society and others who may choose to have them constructed, not desiring any further remuneration for my invention than the satisfaction arising from agriculturists generally having the liberty of constructing and using it free of any expense for exclusive

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privilege. The description is as follows: viz.

The sled is made of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch plank, five feet long and one foot deep; the runners placed two feet apart in the clear; the cutter before, which is for dividing a sod or any hard substance, should sink $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches below the bottom of the runners; the opener or furrow maker is 3 inches wide and sinks two inches below the bottom of the runners; the shoe, out of which the grain issues, should be somewhat shorter than the opener and the aperture in it about an inch in diameter; the two pins or harrow teeth behind to sink one inch below the bottom of the runners; the clearing block, which will break the clods and level the ground, is made of plank, and may be one foot in length on each side, and should be fixed so loose as to accommodate itself in some measure to obstructions—this is to move on the same plain with the bottom of the runners; the wheel, two feet in diameter, and the pins four inches long, making the whole diameter two feet eight inches; the cylinder under the hopper should be three and a half or four inches long, and four inches in diameter, having four notches to receive four or five grains each, the notches to be constructed after the form of the model; the cylinder should have iron gudgeons, neatly turned, to run in metal; the hopper twenty inches long, and ten inches deep.

It is to be understood, that previous to the machine being used, the ground should be ploughed and harrowed as usual, but not furrowed out, the machine performing the whole business of furrowing, planting, covering and levelling at the same time, and with quite as much rapidity as the ground is furrowed out in the common way: ten acres have been planted in one day by my machine, without any previous furrowing. The advantages of its use are, that the corn is regularly planted at equal distances, without any previous laying out of the ground; it is all covered of an equal depth and with fine mould, the clods being pushed out of the way, and the fine earth

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passing the sides of the furrower falling on it; it is believed that more corn has been raised in proportion on a given quantity of ground, by its being thus regularly planted and evenly covered. There is a strap or rope to draw up the hopper and prevent the grain passing out, when turning at the head landing. The machine being on runners, it is more steady in its movements and more manageable than if it were on wheels.

ISAAC CONRAD.

ROBERTS VAUX, *Secretary of the Philadelphia Agricultural Society.*

Political Economy.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

ON INTERFERENCE WITH INDUSTRY.

From Say's Traité d'Economie Politique.

When the attention of governments has been directed to agricultural industry, their interposition has been almost always favourable. The impossibility of directing the various processes of agriculture; the great number of people who are employed, who are scattered over the whole surface of a country, and in a multitude of separate undertakings, from the greatest farms to the smallest village gardens; the trifling value of agricultural products in proportion to their bulk;—all these circumstances, which are in the nature of things, have happily rendered it impossible to carry into effect such regulations as would have shackled industry. Governments that have been inspired by a wish for public good, have accordingly done nothing more than distribute prizes and encouragements, and spread abroad instructions, which have often greatly contributed to the progress of this art. The veterinary school of Alfort, the experimental farm of Rambouillet, and the introduction of merinos, have been real benefits to France, the extension and perfection of which she owes to the solicitude of the various administrations, which, amidst political storms, have governed France.

When the government keeps up the means of communication, protects the harvest, and punishes culpable negligence, such as the neglect to clear the trees of caterpillars, it produces a good, analogous to that which is effected by the maintenance of order and the protection of property, which are so favourable, or rather so indispensable, to production.*

* In the ancient canton of Berne, every proprietor was bound during the season of cater-

The forest regulations in France, which in many of their details at least are perhaps necessary to the maintenance of this kind of production, appear in other respects to introduce difficulties that discourage this culture.

[Some remarks on interference with manufactures, from the same author, will appear in the next number.]

Record.

Cincinnati (Ohio), July 12.

Bank U. States v. Whipple & Washburne.

The above cause came to trial a few days ago, before the city court, holden by the mayor and two aldermen. The case was regularly presented to the jury by the plaintiff's counsel, and though there were several points made, by the defendants' counsel, in the course of the proceeding; yet they were reserved, and the testimony considered as conclusive of the claim. It was admitted by the plaintiff's counsel, that the note was discounted at the office established at this place. The defendants' counsel insisted to the jury, that the Bank of the United States had no power to discount promissory notes—that the bank was the mere creature of the act which created it, and possessed no other powers than such as were expressly granted. That it could take nothing by implication, however strong; and though the charter confers a right upon the corporation generally to do and execute all and singular the acts, matters, and things which to them it shall or may appertain to do, &c. and although it prohibits them to receive more than six per cent. upon its loans or discounts, yet as there is no express authority either to loan or discount, such loans are illegal, and the security void.

The mayor charged the jury that the Bank of the United States had no power under its charter to discount promissory notes, and the jury gave a verdict for the defendants.

St. Louis, (M. T.) July 5.

The convention have adopted some important provisions for the purpose of preventing such work in Missouri as is now going on in many parts of the union for "stopping the law." Constitutional restrictions will be placed on the legislative authority, to prevent it from interfering with the collection of debts according to the contract of parties. All this is right: Missouri is now solvent, and let her continue so.

pillars, to furnish a certain number of bushels of these insects, in proportion to the extent of his possessions. The rich purchased them from some poor people, who made it a business to take them, and succeeded so well that the country was no longer exposed to their ravages. But as a proof how difficult it is even for good governments to interfere usefully with production, I have been assured that this paternal care excited a singular species of fraud, and that by way of lake Lemman sacks of caterpillars were imported from Savoy.

A cargo of North Carolina wheat was sold in this city on the 31st ult. at 82 cents per bushel.

The common council of London have presented an address of condolence and congratulation to the queen, to which she returned an answer, thanking them for their address, "which was both loyal to the king and respectful to herself." It appears to be the general wish of the respectable part of the people, that an accommodation should take place, and it is thought that the dispute will be privately arranged.

London, June 15.

Last night sir James Mackintosh moved for a new writ for Dublin, in the room of the late right honourable H. Grattan. The eloquent praises of the deceased were echoed by lord Castlereagh, Mr. Wilberforce, and assented to by all sides of the house. Sir James concluded his speech on the subject, with the following lines:

"Ne'er to the tombs where all the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed,
A fairer spirit or more welcome shade."

On this occasion, Mr. Becher said he should not have risen, but for the purpose of presenting a document, which had been communicated to him, as the dying exhortation of Mr. Grattan to his Catholic countrymen, and which he asked leave to read in his place. The document is to the following purport:

"I wished to go to the House of Commons to testify with my last breath my opinions on the question of Catholic emancipation; but I cannot. The hand of death is on me. I am not afraid of death; but I fear for my country, if the object which I have so long cherished should not be accomplished. I wish the Catholics to be relieved from the oppression under which they have long been labouring, because I have always considered them to be loyal men, worthy to be placed upon a footing with the other members of the community, and to be allowed to worship God according to their own consciences. I wish the question to be settled, because I believe it to be essential to the permanent tranquillity and happiness of the country, which are in fact identified with it. The Catholics have behaved well under many trials. If their hopes should be again disappointed, I most earnestly deprecate any coalition on their part with the advocates of universal suffrage and annual parliaments. Were the friends of these doctrines to be successful in their object, nothing could ensue but the subversion of the constitution, and the establishment of the wildest democracy. There is one thing more. The Catholics must cautiously avoid becoming parties to any dissensions that may unfortunately prevail in the royal family."

Canadian Affairs.—We learn that the late election for members of parliament, for Upper Canada, has terminated in the almost unanimous choice of persons who are the political friends of Mr. Gourlay. It would appear by this, that

the popular voice in Canada is opposed to the administration.

Mr. Ferguson, who was fined and imprisoned for publishing some of Mr. Gourlay's writings, was recently released from confinement, and has charge of the Niagara Spectator; and declares in a public address, that the Spectator shall prove a great terror to little tyrants.

HAVANA.

Charleston, (S. C.) July 18.

From our attentive correspondent at Havana, we have received papers of that place to the 8th inst. inclusive. We perceive by them, that the enthusiasm of the people in favour of the government of the Cortes, had not in the least abated. The captain general of Cuba had issued an order enjoining the observance of Sunday, the 9th, as a day of general rejoicing and festivity by the people; and authorizing them to indulge in all kinds of sport and recreation that would not militate against good order and decorum—that being the day on which the Cortes were to assemble in Spain, and when Ferdinand was to renew, in solemn form, his oath of fidelity to the new political constitution.

The election for members of the legislative Junta of the island, under the new constitution, was also to take place on the 9th and 10th. The island had been divided for this purpose into five election districts, which were to send 105 representatives; the most important furnishing 31, the three next each 21, and the fifth 11 members. The polls for this election were to be opened at eighty-six different places, in order to afford to the voters every facility to the exercise of the right of suffrage. At a short distance from each poll, a sufficient number of militia was to be stationed to preserve order, and prevent persons not qualified to vote from interfering; and also to prevent the approach of carriages to the poll, to the obstruction of the votes.

No armed person was to be allowed to vote; and each militia man, before approaching the poll for that purpose, was required to lay aside his arms.

AFRICA.

The British are indefatigable in their attempts to explore the interior of Africa. The following extract from a letter, written by a gentleman in London, to the editors of the New York Commercial Advertiser, gives us some information relative to an expedition now on that hazardous service:

Africa.—By the latest information, it seems that the expedition for exploring Africa, under the command of major Gray, on whom the direction devolved after the death of major Peddie, has returned to Galam, on the Senegal, after a most harassing journey through the country of the Foulado, in which the party were insulted, plundered, attacked, and it is said some of them were killed. Mr. Docherd, the surgeon attached to the expedition, had, with a few individuals, however, proceeded onwards, and been so far successful as to reach, without difficulty, Yamina, on the river Niger. At this place, Mr.

Docherd was obliged to remain until he received permission from the king of Sego, to proceed; and after waiting nearly six months, he was advised to retire higher up the river to Baminakoo, in Bambara—from whence accounts have been received from him, dated 12 months since, expressing his hopes of procuring the necessary permission, although many untoward circumstances operated against this expectation. The king of Sego was then at war with his neighbours, on the eastern side of his territory, his minister had died about the time he heard of Mr. Docherd's arrival. A few days afterwards, his treasurer and receiver of customs departed this life, and to add to that catalogue of misfortunes, the chief of Baminakoo also died just after he reached that place. These fatal events tended to confirm the notions the blacks entertain of the evil influence which the presence of the whites have over their countrymen, but particularly their rulers, whom they are supposed to have the power of destroying by secret spells and charms. In the present instance they were more convinced of this baneful influence, on recollecting that several of their chiefs who had dealings with Mungo Park, died the same year he passed through their kingdom. Mr. Docherd had invariably received the kindest treatment, both at Yamina, and Barminakoo; and on complaining of delay, was assured it was entirely owing to the custom of the country; as making ambassador's wait, was only meant to show the king's dignity, that it might not be supposed he was in any hurry to get rid of his guests. Markets, it seems, were held twice every week, at Saud Sauding and Yamina, where provisions were reasonable, and every sort of European merchandize in great demand, especially articles of finery for the dresses of the females, who are fond of shewy colours. Among other things, were Manchester prints, in great abundance, which seemed to meet a ready sale, and which must have been conveyed by the caravans from Morocco, across the Great Desert.

Lieut. Lyon, of the royal navy, who was the friend and traveller of the late Mr. Ritchie, is appointed to succeed that gentleman as British vice consul at Mouvrouk, the capital of Fezzan, in Africa, for the purpose of facilitating the attempting discoveries.

By the Magnet, which left Cape Gast on the 23d March, we learn that Mr. Dupuis had proceeded to Coornapie, to enter upon his functions as consul at the court of the king of Ashantee, and had arrived in safety, and been well received. As Mr. Dupuis is well acquainted with the Moorish language, and as it is known that several Moors reside at Coornusie, who have visited at Tombuctoo, we may now look to receive early and important information upon the subject of that country.

JUST PUBLISHED.

Memoirs on the War of the French in Spain, by M. de Rocca, officer of Hussars, and knight of the order of the Legion of Honour. Translated from the second Paris edition, 8vo.—Price \$1.50 in boards. T. Dobson & Son.

A complete set of improved Lunar Tables, for clearing the effect of Refraction in Lunar Distances, &c. &c. By Samuel P. Watkins, pp. 28—\$1.50. T. Dobson & Son.

MARRIED.

At Nantucket, on the 13th July, at the Friends' meeting-house, Thomas Earle, of the firm of Earle and Barker, of this city, to Mary N. Hussey, of Nantucket.

DIED.

In Plymouth, Chenango county (N. Y.), on the 3d July, Mr. Nash. While hoeing in the field, he felt something sting his foot, and looking down, observed a small spider running off it. He continued working that day and part of the following; the pain of the wound increasing, and red streaks reaching as high as the knee, in which were hard bunches of a purple cast. The gangrene had already taken place. A physician was sent for, and Mr. N. was bled, which threw the poison over the whole system, and he survived only a few minutes.

In Sadbury township, Chester county, on Friday, the 21st July, Mr. John Trevilla, aged about 50 years. The death of the deceased was sudden and singular. In August last he was stung by a bee on the head; in the course of an hour after he received the wound, he complained of being unwell, and was immediately seized with a fit of apoplexy; but by the assistance of medical aid, was restored to health again. On the day of his death, he went out a fishing, with his hook and line, in his usual good health; after his return home in the evening, he went out to an apple tree to gather some apples; while there, he received a wound on the head from a bee. He immediately became alarmed, and told his wife he hoped it would not have the same effect on him that it had before; but alas, he soon began to complain of feeling very unwell; sat down on his bed, asked his wife to give him some water; he then lay down on the bed, and in less than five minutes was a corpse.

Miscellany.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

THE PENITENT SON.

Death brings to those who have been long dreading its approach, by the bedside of one tenderly beloved, a calm in which nature feels most gracious relief from the load of sorrow. While we yet hear the faint murmurs of the unexpired breath, and see the dim light of the enclosed eyes—we watch in agony all the slightest movements of the sufferer, and to save the life of friend or of parent, we ourselves would gladly die. All the love of which our hearts are capable, belongs then but to one dearest object; and things, which, perhaps a few days before were prized as the most delightful of earth's enjoyments, seem, at that awful crisis, unworthy even of the affections of a child. The blow is struck, and the sick bed is a bier. But God suffers not the souls of them who believe to fall into an abyss of despair. The being, whom for so many long years we have loved and revered,

“Has past through nature to eternity.”

and the survivors are left behind in mournful resignation to the mysterious decree.

Life and death walk through this world, hand in hand. Young, old, kind, cruel, wise, foolish, good and wicked—all at last patiently submit to one inexorable law. At all times, and in all places, there are the watchings, and weepings, and wailings, of hearts severed or about to sever. Yet look over landscape or city—and though sorrow, and sickness, and death, be in the groves and woods, and in solitary places among the hills—among the streets and the squares, and the magnificent dwellings of princes; yet the great glad spirit of life is triumphant, and there seems no abiding place for the dreams of decay.

Sweet lonesome cottage of the Hazel Glen: Even now is the merry month of May passing brightly over thy broomy braes; and while the linnet sings on earth, the lark replies to him

from heaven. The lambs are playing in the sunshine over all thy very verdant knolls, and infant shepherd and shepherdess are joining in their glee. Scarcely is there a cloud in the soft cerulean sky, save where a gentle mist ascends above the dark green sycamore, in whose shade that solitary dwelling sleeps! This little world is filled to the brink with happiness—for grief would be ashamed to sigh within the still enclosure of these pastoral hills.

Three little months ago, and, in that cottage, we stood together—son, daughter, grandchild, pastor, and friend—by the death bed of the Elder. In thought, we are still standing there; and that night of death returns upon me, not dark and gloomy, but soft, calm, and mournful, like the face of heaven just tinged with moonlight, and here and there a solitary star.

The head of the old man lay on its pillow stiller than in any breathing sleep, and there was a paleness on his face, that told the heart would beat no more. We stood motionless as in a picture, and looked speechlessly on each other's countenance. "My grandfather has fallen asleep," said the loving boy, in a low voice, unconsciously using, in his simplicity, that sublime scriptural expression for death. The mother, unable to withhold her sobs, took her child by his little hand, and was leading him away, when at once the dreadful truth fell upon him, and he knew that he was never again to say his prayers by the old man's knees. "Oh let me kiss him—once only—before they bury him in the cold earth;" and in a moment, the golden curls of the child were mixed with the gray hairs of the lifeless shadow. No terror had the cold lips for him; and closely did he lay his cheek so smooth, to those deep wrinkles, on which seemed yet to dwell a last loving smile. The father of the boy gazed piteously upon him, and said unto himself, "Alas! he hath no love to spare for me, who have so long forgotten him. Jamie—my little Jamie!" cried he now aloud, "thou wouldst not weep so were I to die—thou wouldst not kiss so thy own father's lips, if they were, as these are, colder and whiter than the clay!" The child heard well, even where he lay on the bosom of that corpse, the tremulous voice of his father; and nature stirring strongly within his heart towards him of whose blood he was framed, he lifted up his sullied face from the unbeating bosom, and, gently stealing himself away from the bed, rushed into his parent's arms, and lay there delivered up to all the perfect love of childhood's forgiving heart. All his father's frowns were forgotten—his sullen looks—his stern words—his menaces, that had so often struck terror to his wondering soul—his indifference—his scorn, and his cruelty. He remembered only his smiles, and the gentlest sounds of his voice; and happy now, as in heaven, to feel himself no more neglected or spurned, but folded, as in former sweetest days, unto the yearning bosom of his own kind father, the child could bear to turn his eyes from that blessed embrace, towards the dead old man, whom, an hour ago, he had looked on as his only guardian on earth besides God, and whose gray hairs he had even as an orphan, twined round his very heart. "I do not ask thee, Jamie, to forget thy grandfather—no, we two will often speak of him, sitting together by the ingle, or

on the hillside—but I beseech thee not to let all thy love be buried with him in the grave—but to keep all that thou canst for thy wretched father." Sighs, sobs, tears, kisses, and embraces, were all the loving child's reply. A deep and divine joy had been restored to him, over whose loss often had his pining childhood wept. The beauty of his father's face revived. It smiled graciously upon him, as it did of old, when he was wont to totter after him to the sheepfold, and to pull primroses beneath his loving eye, from the mossy banks of the little sparkling burn! Scarcely could the child believe in such a blessed change. But the kisses fell fast on his brow, and when he thought that the accompanying tears were shed by his own father, for the unkindness sometimes shown to his child, he could not contain those silent self-upbraidings, but with thicker sobs, blessed him by that awful name, and promised to love him beyond even him who was now lying dead before their eyes. "I will walk along with the funeral, and see my grandfather buried, in our own burial place, near where the tent stands at the sacrament—Yes I will walk, my father, by your side, and hold one of the strings of the coffin—and if you will only promise to love me forever as you now do, and used always to do long ago, I will strive to think of my grandfather without weeping, aye, without shedding one single tear"—and here the child, unaware of the full tenderness of his own guileless heart, burst out into an uncontrollable flood of grief. The mother, happy in her sore affliction, to see her darling boy again taken so lovingly to her husband's heart, looked towards them with a faint smile, and then, with a beaming countenance, towards the expired saint; for she felt that his dying words had restored the sanctities of nature to her earthly dwelling. With gentle hand, she beckoned the pastor and myself to follow her—and conducted us away from the death bed, into a little parlour, in which burned a cheerful fire, and a small table was spread with a cloth whiter than the snow. "You will stay in our cottage all night—and we shall all meet together again before the hour of rest;" and so saying, she calmly withdrew.

There was no disorder, or disarray in the room in which we now sat. Though sickness had been in the house, no domestic duties had been neglected. In this room the patriarch had, every evening for forty years, said family prayers—and the dust had not been allowed to gather there, though sickness had kept him from the quiet nook in which he had so long delighted. The servant, with sorrowful but composed features, brought to us our simple meal, which the pastor blessed, not without a pathetic allusion to him who had been removed—and another more touching still, to them who had survived him. That simple but most fervent aspiration seemed to breathe an air of comfort through the house that was desolate—but a deep melancholy yet reigned over the hush; and the inside of the cottage, now that its ancient honour was gone, felt forlorn as its outside would have done, had the sycamore, that gave it shade and shelter, been felled to the earth.

We had sat by ourselves for about two hours, when the matron again appeared; not as when we had first seen her, wearied, worn out, and careless of herself, but calm in her demeanour,

and with her raiment changed, serene and beautiful in the composure of her faith. With a soft voice she asked us to come with her again to the room where her father lay—and thither we followed her in silence.

The body of the old man had been laid out by the same loving hands that had so tenderly ministered to all his wants and wishes, when alive. The shroud in which he was now wrapped had been in the cottage for many a long year, and white as it was, even as the undriven snow, scarcely was it whiter than the cheeks and the locks now bound in its peaceful folds. To the eyes of my childhood the Elder's face had sometimes seemed, even in its benignity, too austere for my careless thoughts, impressed as it ever was with an habitual holiness. But all such austerity, if indeed it had been ever there, death had now removed from that silent countenance. His last moments had been blessed by his son's contrition—his daughter's love—his grandchild's pity—his pastor's prayers. And the profound peace which his parting spirit had enjoyed, left an expression on his placid features, consolatory and sublime.

The penitent son was sitting at the bedside. We all took our places near him, and for a while remained silent, with eyes fixed on that countenance from which beamed the best memories of earth, and the loftiest hopes of heaven.

"Hear," said the humbled man, "how the thaw is bringing down the loosened torrents from the hills! even so is my soul flowing within me!" "Aye, and it will flow till its waters are once more pure and bright as a summer stream," said the pastor with a benign voice. "But art thou sure that my father's forgiveness was perfect?" "Yes, William, it was perfect. Not on his death bed only, when love relents towards all objects glimmering away from our mortal eyes, did the old man take thee into his heart; but William, not a day, no, not an hour, has passed over these silver hairs, in which thy father did not forgive thee, love thee, pray for thee unto God and thy Saviour. It was but last Sabbath that we stood together by thy mother's grave in the kirk yard, after divine worship, when all the congregation had dispersed. He held his eyes on that tomb stone, and said, 'O! Heavenly Father, when, through the merits of the Redeemer, we all meet again a family in heaven, remember thou, O Lord, my poor lost William; let these drops plead for him, wrung out from his old father's broken heart!'—The big tears, William, plashed like the drops of a thunder shower on the tomb stone—and at the time, thy father's face was whiter than ashes—but a divine assurance came upon his tribulation; and as we walked together from the burial place, there was a happy smile about his faded eye, and he whispered unto me, 'my boy has been led astray, but God will not forget that he was once the prop and pillar of his father's house. One hour's sincere repentance will yet wipe away all his transgressions.' When we parted, he was, I know it, perfectly happy—and happy, no doubt, he continued until he died. William! many a pang hast thou sent to thy father's heart; but believe thou this, that thou madest amends for them all at the hour of his dissolution. Look, the smile of joy at thy deliverance, is yet upon his face."

The son took his hands from before his eyes—gazed on the celestial expression of his father's countenance—and his soul was satisfied.

"Alas! alas!" he said in a humble voice, "what is reason, such poor imperfect miserable reason as mine, to deal with the dreadful mysteries of God! Never since I forsook my Bible, has the very earth ceased to shake and tremble beneath my feet. Never, since I spurned its aid, have I understood one single thought of my own bewildered heart! Hope, truth, faith, peace and virtue, all at once deserted me together. I began to think of myself as of the beasts that perish; my better feelings were a reproach or a riddle to me, and I believed in my perplexity that my soul was of the dust. Yes! Alice, I believed that thou too wert to perish utterly, thou and all thy sweet babies, like flowers that the cattle hoofs tread into the mire, and that neither thou nor they were ever, in your beauty and your innocence, to see the face of the Being who created you!"

Wild words seemed these to that high souled woman, who for years had borne with undiminished, nay, augmented affection, the heaviest of all afflictions, that of a husband's alienated heart, and had taught her children the precepts and doctrines of that religion which he in his delusion had abandoned. A sense of the fearful danger he had now escaped, and of the fearful wickedness, brought from the bottom of her heart all the unextinguishable love that had lain there through years of sorrow—and she went up to him and wept upon his bosom. "Oh! say it not, that one so kind as thou, could ever believe that I and my little ones would never see their Maker—they who were baptized in thine own arms, William, by that pious man, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost!" Yes! my Alice! I feared so once—but the dismal dream is gone. I felt as if the ground on which this our own sweet cottage stands, had been undermined by some fiend of darkness—and as if it were to sink down out of sight with all its thatched roof so beautiful—its cooing pigeons—its murmuring bee-hives—and its blooming garden. I thought of the generations of my forefathers that had died in the Hazel Glen—and they seemed to me like so many shadows vainly following each other along the hills. My heart was disquieted within me; for the faith of my childhood was intertwined with all my affections—with all my love for the dead and the living—for thee, Alice, and our children, who do all resemble thee both in beauty and in innocence, whether at thy bosom, or tottering along the green sward, and playing with the daisies in the sun. Such thoughts were indeed woven through my heart, and they could not be torn thence but by a heavy hand. Alice! the sight of thee and them drove me mad; for what sight so insupportable to one who has no hope in futurity, as the smiles and tears of them he loves in his distraction!"

He who spake was no common man—no common man had been his father. And he gave vent to his thoughts and feelings in a strain of impassioned eloquence, which, though above the level of ordinary speech, may not unfrequently be heard in the cottage of the Scottish peasant, when the discourse is of death and of judgment. All the while that he was speaking,

the wife kept her streaming eyes close to his face—the gray haired pastor beheld him with solemn looks—the mortal remains of his father lay before him—and, as he paused, there rose the sound of the snow swollen flood.

"I call the Almighty to witness," said the agitated man, rising from his seat, and pacing long the floor, "that these hands are yet unstained by crime. But oh! how much longer might they have so continued! Why need the unbeliever care for human life? What signifies the spilling of a few drops of worthless blood? Be the grave once thought to be the final doom of all—and what then is the meaning of the word crime? Desperate and murderous thoughts assailed me by myself in solitude. I had reasoned myself, as I thought, out of my belief in revelation—and all those feelings, by which alone faith is possible, at the same time died away in my heart, leaving it a prey to the wretchedness and cruelty of infidelity. Shapes came and tempted me in the moors—with eyes and voices like, but unlike the eyes and voices of men. One had a dagger in his hand—and though it said nothing, its dreadful face incited me to do some murder. I saw it in the sunlight—for it was the very middle of the day—and I was sitting by myself on the wall of the old sheepfold, looking down in an agony, on the Hazel Glen, where I was born, and where I had once been so happy. It gave me the dagger—and laughed as it disappeared. I saw—and felt the dagger distinctly for some minutes in my hand—but it seemed to fall down among the heather—and large blots of blood were on my fingers. An icy shivering came over me, though it was a sunny day and without a cloud—and I strove to think that a brain fever had been upon me. I lay for two days and nights on the hill—and more than once I saw my children playing on the green beside the waterfall, and rose to go down to put them to death—but a figure in white—it might be thou, Alice, or an angel, seemed to rise out of the stream, and quietly to drive the children towards the cottage, as thou wouldst a few tottering lambs."

During all this terrible confession, the speaker moved up and down the room—as we are told of the footsteps of men in the condemned cell, heard pacing to and fro during the night preceding the execution. "Lay not such dreadful thoughts to the charge of thy soul," said his wife, now greatly alarmed—"Hunger and thirst, and the rays of the sun, and the dews of night, had indeed driven thee into a rueful fever—and God knows that the best of men are often like demons in a disease!" The pastor, who had not dared to interrupt him during the height of his passion, now besought him to dismiss from his mind all such grievous recollections—and was just about to address himself to prayer, when an interruption took place most pitiable and affecting.

The door, at which no footstep had been heard, slowly and softly opened, and in glided a little ghost, with ashy face and open eyes, folded in a sheet, and sobbing as it came along. It was no other than that loving child walking in its sleep; and dreaming of its grandfather. Not one of us had power to move. On feet that seemed, in the cautiousness of affection, scarcely to touch the floor, he went up to the bed side,

and kneeling down, held up his little hands, palm to palm, and said a little prayer of his own, for the life of him who was lying dead within the touch of his balmy breath. He then climbed up into the bed, and laid himself down, as he had been wont to do, by the old man's side.

"Never," said the pastor, "saw I a love like this"—and he joined his sobs, to those that were fast rising from us all at this insupportable sight. "Oh! if my blessed child should awake," said his mother, "and find himself beside a corpse so cold, he will lose his senses—I must indeed separate him from his dead grandfather." Gently did she disengage his little hands from the shrouded breast, and bore him into the midst of us in her arms. His face became less deadly white—his eyes less glazedly fixed—and, drawing a long, deep, complaining sigh, he at last slowly awoke, and looked bewilderedly, first on his mother's face, and then on the other figures sitting in silence by the uncertain lamp-light. "Come my sweet Jamie, to thine own bed," said his weeping mother. The husband followed in his love—and at midnight the pastor and myself retired to rest—at which hour, every room in the cottage seemed as still as that wherein lay all that remained of the patriarch and the elder.

* * * * *

It was on May day that, along with my venerable friend, I again visited the cottage of the Hazel Glen. A week of gentle and sunny rain had just passed over the scenery; and brought all its loveliness into life. I could scarcely believe that so short a time ago the whiteness of winter had shrouded the verdant solitude. Here and there, indeed, a patch of snow lay still unmelted, where so lately the deep wreaths had been drifted by the storm. The hum of insects even was not unheard, and through the glitter of the stream the trout was seen leaping at its gaudy prey, as they went sailing down the pools with their expanded wings. The whole glen was filled with a mingled spirit of pleasure and of pensiveness.

As we approached the old sycamore, we heard behind us the sound of footsteps, and that beautiful boy, whom we had so loved in his affliction, came up to us, with a smiling face, and with his satchel over his shoulder. He was returning from school, for the afternoon was a half holiday, and his face was the picture of joy and innocence. A sudden recollection assailed his heart, as soon as he heard our voices, and it would have been easy to have changed his smiles into tears. But we rejoiced to see how benignly nature had assuaged his grief, and that there was now nothing in memory, which he could not bear to think of, even among the pauses of his pastimes. He led the way happily and proudly, and we entered once more the cottage of the Hazel Glen.

The simple meal was on the table, and the husband was in the act of asking a blessing, with a fervent voice. When he ceased, he and his wife rose to bid us welcome, and there was in their calm and quiet manner an assurance that they were happy. The children flew with laughter to meet their brother, in spite of the presence of strangers, and we soon set all down together at the cheerful board. In the calm of the evening, husband and wife walked with me

down the glen, as we returned to the manse—nor did we fear to speak of that solemn night, during which, so happy a change had been wrought in a sinner's heart. We parted in the twilight, and on looking back at the Hazel Glen, we beheld a large beautiful star shining right over the cottage.

EREMUS.

MR. GRATTAN.

The death of Mr. Grattan is an event over which it becomes Ireland to mourn. He was her truest patriot as well as her brightest ornament. There was not more to admire in his extraordinary eloquence and abundant knowledge, than in the natural elevation of his sentiments, the ingenuousness of his character, and the simplicity of his demeanour. He had, in his political life, both courage and conduct in an eminent degree. Perhaps he should not have accepted a seat in the British parliament; but he entered that body not to shine and lead, but to serve Ireland when the opportunity might be afforded. He seldom enjoyed this opportunity, and he knew and felt the futility of most of his endeavours. We had the good fortune to hear one of the most elaborate of his speeches in the House of Commons, in favour of Catholic emancipation, and have never heard a finer, nobler oration.

His manner, as a speaker, was not engaging; it was even awkward and uncouth: his voice had neither volume nor music; but the peculiarity of his tone and gesture; the animation of his countenance; the fervour of his spirit; the connected force of his reasoning; the wisdom of his maxims, and the brilliant antithesis which almost every one of his sentences involved, fixed the attention of his hearers, and left them under impressions with respect to his subject and his powers, such as the eloquence of no other man produced. Every thing was peculiar both in the exhibition of the orator, and in the pleasure and admiration which he excited. He was an anxious, fond observer of the struggle of these United States for independence; he never concealed his wishes for their success; he has expressed to us in the warmest terms his delight in their advances to greatness, and his confidence in the moral triumph of their institutions. As Americans we are disposed to honour his memory. It has not, we perceive, been neglected by the English. He has been buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Charles Fox, whom he equalled in the generosity of his nature and surpassed in the rectitude of both his political and private career. [Nat. Gaz.]

GERMAN EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

In the last number of the North American Review, is a notice of "The German in America," a book published in Germany for the information of persons desirous of emigrating to the United States. Some of the lesser German powers, instead of endeavouring to force their subjects to remain in the country, benevolently and wisely determined to give them such information as might facilitate their journey, and place them in a more favourable situation on their arrival. To this end, M. de Fürstenwäther, half brother of the baron Von Gagern, representative of the German possessions of the king of the Netherlands, at the German diet, was sent here to acquire such a knowledge of the country as might be useful to his countrymen.

He took up his residence (as we happen to know,) in the house of a French taylor, recently arrived in this city, and who does not speak English. M. de F. himself is said not to have understood a word of the language, and yet in seventeen days after his arrival he makes the following complaint:

"I am just beginning to be known, and am obliged to put up with taking many a fruitless step. For you are not to imagine that a very great interest is felt here in my mission. This does not lie in the American character."

The result of his observations is generally such as to encourage those who desire to emigrate. He thinks American ships ought to be preferred for the passage, because "they sail quicker, the treatment is better, and the responsibility of the captains is greater." We all know that it is usual for those who have not money to pay their passage, to bind themselves to serve for a term of years to some one who will pay it for them; and of this there has been much misrepresentation in some parts of Germany, to make the people believe that they were sold as slaves on their arrival.

"So far from looking upon this indenture as a hardship, our author expresses his opinion that it is a benefit to the needy emigrant, and says, that many even of those who pay their passage in Holland, bind themselves, in like manner, on their arrival here, for the sake of being immediately provided for in a strange land—learning the language by going of necessity into an American family, and laying up in the purchase money a little capital for future support. Our author adds, that the treatment of the emigrants while in service is so kind

and good, that just complaints are oftener made by the masters, that their servants run away, than by the servants that they are ill treated. Among the classes of emigrants most likely to be employed, our author enumerates masons, carpenters, cabinetmakers, waggoners, coopers, smiths, shoemakers, tailors, and bakers; and as least likely to find employment, all those whose trades are connected with the arts of luxury. Persons of both sexes, from fourteen to twenty years of age, are most sought for, 'and it is a great folly,' says our judicious author, 'when women of eighty years old wander over, as happened in one instance last summer.' The greater part of the German emigrants remain in Pennsylvania, from which without their consent they cannot be carried. Our author however informs us, that he saw a letter from forty such persons, who had entered into indentures in Ohio, and who were contented with their treatment and condition. The following observation will show the correct and discriminating character of our author's observations."

'A great part of the population of the United States consists of blacks, especially in the southern states. The German agrees but poorly with them. He is regarded by them, with envy and jealousy. It is degrading to the German name and character, to have the German stand on a similar footing with them. *The natural cunning of the negro; his superior dexterity, and fluency in English, give him too great an advantage over the simple, good natured German peasant. He considers himself [the negro] as of a higher nature, and looks down upon the poor German. The latter is confounded in treatment with the blacks, nay is often treated worse.*' p. 55.

"The emigration from Germany to Pennsylvania began very early. In the time of Penn, Germantown was founded by a colony of emigrants from Griesheim in the Palatinate. In 1717 the emigration was so great, that the governor of the province expressed his apprehensions of the evil consequences, which might result from having too many foreigners contiguous to each other, or, on the other hand, too many scattered separately among the Indians. In 1754, there landed 5000 emigrants in Philadelphia; but we apprehend our author to have been misled by his authorities, when he supposes that half the population of Pennsylvania is German or of German descent.

"The German language is fast disappearing, particularly in the large towns, and no person is allowed to sit on a jury in Pennsylvania, who cannot understand English. According to our author, the children of Ger-

man parents are commonly ashamed of the country and language of their fathers, so that in the third generation, at the present day, the traces of their origin disappear. This disinclination is greater in the higher than in the lower orders of society, and in this respect, says M. de Fürstenwäther, the German Society at Philadelphia is unworthy at least of its name, as a greater part of its members are desirous of having its transactions in English."

M. de F. concludes his report as follows:

'With such advantages, on the part of the United States, which every impartial man will recognise with me, and with all the facility, particularly of the material life, I cannot conceal some defects and dark sides. In this country there is no idea, nay not a distant suspicion, of a higher and finer existence, at least on this earth. There is a want of every thing which can adorn and ennoble it, of every variety of better enjoyment and entertainment. Coarse materialism and interest are the character and leading principle of the inhabitants:—A want of sociality, contemptible pride, reserve, and coarseness, discover themselves in the multitude, and repel the European of education and feeling. Such a one will of course feel himself at first extremely unhappy and solitary in this country; it cannot please him. Although there be much in Europe, that he cannot and ought not praise, comparisons, which he will have daily occasion to make, will force from him the silent or open confession that still much is better there. If the Americans are justly proud of their civil freedom, and of their freedom in thinking, speaking, and printing, and in the social life, they still know not that higher freedom of the soul which is to be found only in Europe, and I say it boldly, most abundantly in Germany. With all their freedom, they are still slaves of their narrow views, of their ignorance of every thing but what is local and practical, and of their national prejudices.

'Such are the impressions of all on their arrival in this country, such are the coinciding feelings and judgments of all, even long after their arrival. By degrees only do they get used to the country, after they have formed to themselves a sphere of their own, or after their gradually awakening pride as free citizens extinguishes the recollections of the advantages of their native land.' pp. 90, 91.

"Did we not fear that our comment had already outrun the importance of the text, we should hint at the state of things in Germany, disclosed by this prodigious emigration. We passed, not a year ago, through the kingdom of Wurtemberg, and along the banks of the Rhine, the countries from which the great march of emigration proceeds. All Europe does not afford a finer and more lovely land: the highest cultivation, the finest forests, the richest products, the best roads, every thing which would seem to belong to a happy country; all

those advantages which we suppose M. de Fürstenwårther means by his 'material existence,' and in which we really wish we were as well off as he describes us. Yet it is from those delightful regions that every one, who can ride or walk away, from children at the breast to women eighty years old, is flying as from a pestilence, not tempted to stay by that fine freedom of the soul, of which our author will have it there is so much in Germany. Now we apprehend that it is precisely those fine moral comforts which are wanting 'in Europe, nay, we say it boldly, in Germany most of all.' In some parts of Europe there is more wealth, in most there is more artificial refinement, and more learning, than in America; but in none is there much freedom either of soul or body; most in England, but not enough there. The tyranny is of a different kind in different places. In one it is the disproportionate wealth of the aristocracy, as in England; and in one it is the unbalanced despotism of the government, as in Germany: but in all it is freedom, liberty, confidence, equality of rights, when there is equality of merit, which are wanted: a want which is poorly supplied by pictures and statues, by fleets and armies, nay, by fine poetry and prose; though these are all excellent in their way."

From the North American Review, No. 28.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The expediency of cultivating the intellect of man is pretty well settled at the present day, and it seems difficult to imagine why that of woman should be neglected. If it have similar powers and equal strength, it is as deserving of care, and will repay care as well; if it be weaker and narrower, it needs the more to be strengthened, enlarged, and disciplined. If the purposes of society and of life would be promoted by the establishment of domestic slavery, then every spark of intellectual light in the female Helot should be carefully extinguished; just as birds in a cage are blinded, that they may not look upon the forests and fields, the blue heavens and the green earth, and long to be abroad upon the air, till melancholy should stop their song. But religion and policy alike revolt at this. Man's best happiness, like charity, begins at home, and, like that, is apt to stay there; and home is sure to be just what the wife may make it. Now if it were true that a woman, who can do any

thing besides making a pudding or mending a stocking, does these necessary things less willingly and well, than one who can do nothing else; if it were true, as certainly it is not, that a wife submits to conjugal authority, just in proportion as she is ignorant and uncultivated, how can the great purpose of marriage, the mutual and reciprocal improvement of the moral and intellectual natures of the sexes, be promoted by a union upon such unequal terms; and what must we think of a husband "assez orgueilleusement modeste," to wish from his wife an unquestioning obedience, instead of a sympathy of thought, and taste, and feeling? It is sometimes urged that, if a woman's mind be much enlarged, and her taste refined, she is apt to think differently of the duties of life, to require different pleasures from the rest of her sex; that her feelings leave the channels which the institutions of society have marked for them, and run riot, and bring her usefulness and happiness into danger. Now the plain answer to this is, that these evils happen, not because her reason was cultivated, but because it was not cultivated well; and because the taste and intellect of women generally do not receive due culture.

From the same.

LETTERS OF HUTCHINSON AND OLIVER.

We call the attention of our readers to Dr. Hosack's biographical memoir, wholly on account of the anecdote contained in it of the famous letters of Hutchinson and Oliver. We give the anecdote as it stands in Dr. Hosack's words.

"We now come to an event, memorable by the commotion it excited at the time, and by the magnitude of the consequences which have since arisen from it: I refer to the discovery of the celebrated letters of Hutchinson and Oliver: and here I beg leave to call your notice to a few of the earlier circumstances of the late revolutionary war, in order to communicate a fact hitherto unrevealed.

"Although the disturbances which originated in the famous stamp act, had nearly subsided with the repeal of that noxious measure, and returning sentiments of friendship were every day becoming more manifest, yet new obstacles to a permanent reconciliation appeared in the attempts of the British administration, to render certain officers of the provincial government dependant on the crown alone. This measure of the court gave particular offence to the colony of Massachusetts, from the peculiarly obnoxious character of their governor, who, at times impelled by avarice and by the love of dominion, had, in furtherance of his schemes of self aggrandizement, uniformly manifested the most

determined support to the views and measures of the mother country.

"However discreditable to his reputation it may be, certain it is, that governor Hutchinson was secretly labouring to subvert the chartered rights of the colony, whose interests he had sworn to protect. His agency in procuring the passage of the stamp act was more than suspected, and apparently upon reasonable grounds.

"The illustrious Franklin, who had recently rendered himself conspicuous by his examination before a committee of the British privy council, and who at this period resided in London, as agent for the colonies of Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, obtained possession, through the agency of a *third person*, of certain letters written by governor Hutchinson; secretary Oliver, afterwards lieutenant governor; Charles Paxton, esq. and other servants of the crown, [Thomas Moffat, Robert Auchmuty, Nathaniel Rogers, George Rome]; and sent them from Boston to Thomas Whately, esq. member of parliament, and a private secretary of lord Grenville."

After an account of Franklin's appearance before the privy council, and Mr. Wedderburne's insolent abuse of him, he adds:

"But it is time that I should declare to you, that this *third person* from whom Dr. Franklin received these famous letters, (and permit me to add that this is the first time the fact has been publicly disclosed,) was Dr. Hugh Williamson.

"I have before stated his mission in behalf of the academy. Dr. Williamson had now arrived in London. Feeling a lively interest in the momentous questions then agitated, and suspecting that a clandestine correspondence, hostile to the interests of the colonies, was carried on between Hutchinson and certain leading members of the British cabinet, he determined to ascertain the truth by a bold experiment.

"He had learned that governor Hutchinson's letters were deposited in an office different from that in which they ought regularly to have been placed; and having understood that there was little exactness in the transaction of the business of that office; (it is believed that it was the office of a particular department of the treasury;) he immediately repaired to it, and addressed himself to the chief clerk, not finding the principal within: assuming the demeanour of official importance, he peremptorily stated that he had come for the last letters that had been received from governor Hutchinson and Mr. Oliver, noticing the office in which they ought regularly to have been placed. Without a question being asked, the letters were delivered. The clerk, doubtless, supposed him to be an authorized person from some other public office. Dr. Williamson immediately carried them to Dr. Franklin, and the next day left London for Holland.

"I received this important fact from a gentleman of high respectability, now living; with whom, as the companion and friend of his early days, Dr. Williamson had entrusted the secret."

From the National Intelligencer, July 18.

Gentlemen—I was pleased to see in your paper of to-day, the critique of your

Hibernian correspondent on the imperfections of the American *dialect*; for, although it seems to have been indited in the spirit of indignant retort, its tendency is to render us cautious not to be too lavish of our ridicule against the errors of others, until our own attainments shall have placed us above its reach; nor to be too forward in extracting the mote from our brother's eye before we are assured of the immaculacy of our own.

"Veniam damus petimusque vicissim."

Nay, Messrs. Editors, I am so far from feeling angry towards your correspondent for his plainness of speech, that I would most heartily unite with him in collecting and setting forth those improprieties of language which have crept into use in the different sections of our country; and, if you think it would not interfere with his object, or be without its use, I wish you would publish the following notes, taken down in my pocket book during a journey through a neighbouring state. Being entertained at some places with shrewd and sarcastic remarks on the manners and language of the people of New England, and at others, in which the place of my nativity was ascertained, complimented by being assured that I spoke remarkably well, and, "for aught they could see, *very much as they did*," I could not help thinking to myself, "we at the north want improvement enough, God knows; but *we* are sensible we need it, which is a great step towards its attainment." A motive of curiosity prompted me to minute down, as I heard them, in the course of my ride, those words and phrases, in common use, which seemed to be provincial, of which, in a short time, I had between twenty and thirty on my list. The following are among the principal:

Mighty and right.—These are used nearly synonymously, and instead of adverbs of degree, such as *very*, *quite*, *exceedingly*, &c, thus, 'this is a *mighty* good horse;' 'we have a *mighty* dry season;' 'it is a *right* good day for hares.' On addressing to a genteel lady an inquiry to-day after the health of a friend, I was told, that he was not well; 'he has been complaining *right much* of the head ache.' My ear has not yet become sufficiently provincial to distinguish decidedly between this use of *mighty* and of *right*; but, if there be any, I imagine that *mighty* is a stronger term than *right*, and that these words correspond nearly with the *English* adverbs *extremely* and *very*. Thus, a dog is a *right* sagacious animal, but the beaver is *mighty* sagacious.

Expect and reckon.—These words are every moment heard in conversation, for *conjecture* or *suppose*. *Expect* properly relates to the future; it implies mere anticipation. It is here vaguely applied to the present and past; thus, 'I *expect*

he set out yesterday; 'I expect he is there;' 'I reckon the session has commenced;' 'he will come, I reckon.' This corresponds with the so much ridiculed habit of *guessing* among the Yankees, with the difference, that *reckon* signifies a formal calculation, generally in arithmetic; whereas *guess* is not incorrectly used for vague conjecture. However, what renders both ridiculous is, that they are heard so incessantly that the use of them has become a *trick*—of the south and north. The word *reckon* is commonly spoken so quickly and familiarly as to have the sound of *erk'n*.

Directly and *immediately* are singularly used for *as soon as*, in this manner: 'I will walk, directly I have finished my letter;' '*immediately* the spring opened, he recovered.' This use of the latter word I have even noticed in a highly respectable publication—*Virg. Ev. Mag.*

Like is converted into a conjunction, and performs the office of *as*: e. g. 'do *like* you see me do.' It also answers the purpose of *as if*; as 'he appears *like* he was deranged.'

Husk and *shuck*.—I have here uniformly heard the terms *husk* and *cob* employed synonymously to designate that part of an ear of corn on which the kernels grow; *shuck* is used for the leaf, or integument enclosing the ear. Walker defines the *husk*, "the integument or covering." *Shuck* I do not find in the dictionaries.

Coat is used, I cannot say how generally, for the outward garment of both the male and female dress. *Gown* I have not heard.

Big.—This obsolete word is often, and, sometimes, oddly used. '*Big hominy*;' '*a big fire*;' '*a big coat*,' for a surtout.

Tote.—To carry. '*Tote the wood*.' 'They have *toted* the corn to the granary.' It is not easy to account for the existence of this superfluous excrescence of speech. It cannot have been derived, for it resembles nothing else that bears the least alliance to it in meaning; it seems to be purely original; or, perhaps the expression would be better, *aboriginal*.

Persuade.—For *try to persuade*: thus, 'she *persuaded* him to abandon the object, but without success;' She *laboured to persuade*. To *persuade* implies success, and not the mere use of means. Yours, gentlemen, very respectfully,

A YANKEE.

Washington, July 15.

FROM THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

Penitentiary System in the United States.

NO. II.

To demonstrate the advantages likely to be derived to the United States over the individual states, it is proper to consider them under three separate heads, viz.—crimes, labour and economy. As there are fewer crimes cognizable under the laws of the former, than the latter, it is presumable that a smaller number of convicts will be confined, and of course be more profitably employed in manufacturing the necessary articles wanting for the various purposes of government. The labour should be princi-

pally that required for ship building, viz.—cordage, spikes, bolts, blocks, &c. and the clothing of the army and navy. This would prevent the impositions of contractors, and produce a great saving in the cost of the articles; and lastly, economy, the proverbial subject of the day, will be greatly advanced by lessening the expense of supporting, guarding, and attending criminals before and after conviction. This is very clear from the expense attending the fifteen prisoners confined in Richmond under a charge of piracy. I am credibly informed that the daily expense is between thirty and forty dollars; but say thirty dollars, giving each two dollars per day, exclusive of clothing, makes an aggregate for the year of ten thousand nine hundred and fifty dollars; when two of the United States' prisoners that are confined in the Virginia penitentiary, cost only one hundred and thirty dollars ten cents per year each, including every thing except the physician's bill. Take this statement for the data, and what will be the saving in the year to the government? I am very much inclined to believe that in a few years a sum sufficient from this source alone would defray the expense of erecting the necessary building for a penitentiary.

It must be borne in mind that the United States have no jails; but use those of the states located in each county (perhaps more expensive and demoralizing institutions do not exist in our country); and where they are crowded with offenders, or unsafe, resort is had to the renting of houses and hiring of guards, which produces the enormous expense before stated.

There are other advantages more momentous, which in a government like ours, should be of the first consideration; that of endeavouring to improve the minds and correct bad habits, and extend an equal hand of justice to our fellow men.

Governments were instituted for the good and happiness of the governed; therefore every expedient should be resorted to, likely to improve its condition, and not endanger its safety. In England there have existed the most cruel and bloody laws that ever disgraced a country; yet even there they have awakened from their slumbers with an eye less dim, and set about correcting the cruel and sanguinary policy that has so long stained the character of that nation; and shall we, her offspring, who disclaimed and abandoned her (as a parent), because of the multiplied injuries and tyrannical oppressions inflicted on us, be now behind her in acts of benevolence?

No, I hope not; let those enlightened friends of humanity and domestic economy set on foot the work of reformation, in our criminal, as they have in our civil institutions, and show to England and the world, that we are not a people making general abstract provisions, and governed by laws inconsistent with ourselves, but acting on the most laudable and rational principles of doing justice to our citizens, endeavouring to correct their moral depravities and place them in a situation where they may become useful members of society. In this way too, we demonstrate the absurd policy, the unjust and unchristian practice of putting it out of the power of the unfortunate culprit to make reparation for the injury he has done, before an opportunity is given him of correcting his vicious habits, and enjoying a life more usefully employed in cultivating a good understanding with penitent gratitude for the lenity shown by the merciful and just laws of a country whose government is founded on the purest principles of justice and humanity.

BECCARIA.

FOR THE NATIONAL RECORDER.

WALSH'S APPEAL.

This valuable volume, the introduction to a treatise which will, without doubt, be esteemed a standard work of national character, has already undergone a second edition.

The plan Mr. Walsh has pursued of arraying British writers against British calumniators, and contrasting different parts of the testimony of the same witness, is certainly as eligible a one as could have been adopted. *By their own words have they been tried, and by their own words have they been condemned.* A refutation of their falsehoods by direct proof on our part, had sufficed to convince a disinterested party; but, to suit the prejudices of a rival nation, it was necessary to match Briton with Briton.

It is the opinion of some, that Mr. Walsh would have employed his time and talents to more purpose, in trying to make us *better*, instead of showing how *good* we are. But those who make this objection cannot surely be ignorant, that the "Historical sketch of our merits and wrongs as colonies, and strictures upon the calumnies of British writers," is but the introduction to "A survey of the institutions and resources of the American republic, and of the *real* character and condition of the American people." In the prosecution of his plan,

Mr. Walsh will necessarily be led to expose certain evils, trace them to their origin, and point out their remedies; and in this way, it is presumable, will give satisfaction to all classes of his readers.

It is worthy of remark, that in almost every thing in which we have an evident superiority over other nations, we differ from the British; while almost every thing among us which affords just grounds for censure, we have derived from them. There are but few of the reprehensible parts of our government and character, but what ought to be regarded in the light in which the author of the "Appeal" holds up domestic slavery, "as an hereditary gout or leprosy, ascribable in its origin to the vices of the parent state." The reverse of this, however, marks the conduct of British writers in general. They represent our nation as (what it is not easy for any nation to be) worse than their own. All the good we have among us, according to their account, we have derived from their immaculate selves, and all the evil is of domestic origin. The falsity of their assertions, as far as our colonial state is concerned, has been fully evinced by Mr. Walsh in his introduction; and if the argument is carried on in the same masterly manner throughout the remainder of the treatise, his triumph will be complete.

It is to be ardently desired that the engagements into which Mr. Walsh has recently entered, may not retard the publication of the work which he has promised to his readers. In the meantime, however, those who are dissatisfied with his not having made a more direct attempt to improve our condition, may draw many inferences of the first practical utility from the facts collated in the first volume. The mode of replication there used, is not only commendable, because it places the United States and Great Britain in pointed contrast, and brings the question of their comparative merits and demerits to fair issue, but highly salutary, because it inculcates some important truths in relation to domestic policy. That there is a similarity between the present state of the American republic and that of the kingdom of Great Britain, arises from the similarity of certain institutions common to the two countries; that there is a similarity only, and not a *sameness*, originates in difference of circumstances: for like causes must operate under exactly like circumstances, to produce exactly like effects.

The task which Mr. Walsh has prescribed to himself is truly an arduous one

but one for which most of his readers must believe him to possess ample qualifications. No work could have been projected of more extensive and practical utility, than that in which is to be exposed the good and evil among us, with a distinction, in regard to the evil in particular, as to what has been caused by other governments, what by our own, what arises from the constitution of our nature, and what from the defects of our political institutions. If, in the prosecution of his design, Mr. Walsh should not mistake (as is often done by political writers) "the *occasion* for the *cause*, and a collateral effect for a principle of causation," his work will be invaluable.

S. P. T.

BOTTA'S AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

We have already signified, on two occasions, our satisfaction with the undertaking of Mr. George A. Otis, in relation to the excellent work of Mr. Botta. The following letter, which has been handed to us for publication, furnishes the highest authority in aid of our sentiments on the point. It will be read with interest on account not only of the real importance of its subject, but of its happy style of expression, and its vigorous tone of patriotic feeling, so stimulative and exemplary in the composition of one seasoned by temperate, comprehensive philosophy, advanced far beyond the common term of human life, and long abstracted from active politics.

[*Nat. Gaz.*

Monticello, July 8, 1820.

Sir—I thank you for De Pradt's book on the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle. It is a work I had never seen, and had much wished to see. Although his style has too much of amphibology to be suited to the sober precision of politics, yet we gather from him great outlines and profound views of the new constitution of Europe, and of its probable consequences. These are things we should understand, to know how to keep clear of them.

I am glad to find that the excellent work of Botta is, at length, translated. The merit of this work has been too long unknown with us. He has had the faculty of sifting the truth of facts from our own histories, with great judgment, of suppressing details which do not make a part of the general history, and of enlivening the whole with the constant glow of his holy enthusiasm for the liberty and independence of nations. Neutral as a historian should be in the relation of facts, he is never neutral in his feelings, nor in the warm expression of

them, on the triumphs and reverses of the conflicting parties, and of his honest sympathies with that engaged in the better cause. Another merit is in the accuracy of his narrative of those portions of the same war which passed in other quarters of the globe, and especially on the ocean. We must thank him, too, for having brought within the compass of three volumes, every thing we wish to know of that war, and in a style so engaging that we cannot lay the book down. He had been so kind as to send me a copy of his work, of which I shall manifest my acknowledgment by sending him your volumes as they come out. My original being lent out, I have no means of collating it with the translation; but see no cause to doubt exactness. With my request to become a subscriber to your work, be pleased to accept the assurance of my great respect.

TH. JEFFERSON.

George Alexander Otis, Philadelphia.

INTERESTING TO DYERS.

The following letter, with the Orchella Archil, *Lichen Rocella*, therein mentioned, I have recently received, and shall cheerfully deliver it to any person, who will make an experiment, to extract the colouring matter.

Under Archil and Litmus in Rees's Cyclopædia, are descriptions of this species of moss and its use.

Mr. Shepherd, of this town, informs me he has some treatises on Orchella, and will with pleasure, give such information as he may possess in relation to the mode of using it as a dye. The prepared pigment is now imported from England, under the name of the manufacturer, Cuthbear.

H. A. S. DEARBORN.

Custom House, Boston, July 8, 1820.

Port Praya, St. Jago, Feb. 25, 1820.

Sir—Having been presented with a small sack of orchella, by the agent of the administration, I take the liberty of sending it to you. It is monopolized by the government, and an article of great value in Europe, from which a liquid is extracted, applied by dyers in fixing colours, particularly red, in which most American dyers fail. It is much used in Europe to give a brilliant hue to crimson, purple, violet and blue, woollen and silk fabrics.

In the Emporium of Arts and Sciences, by Coxe, vol. 2, page 317, it appears that orchella has been long used by the Tartars and Armenians at Astracan, and no doubt was originally introduced from Persia.

Anxious that the American dyers may become acquainted with the utility of orchella, I solicit that you will cause an experiment to be tried of the little I send you, and should any person be able to extract the liquid, and apply it in dyeing, the administration will permit it to be shipped to America. I am, with great respect, your most obedient servant.

SAMUEL HODGES, Jr.

Boston Patriot.]

The Miseries of the City of New York.

The following just lamentation by a Frenchman, is from the National Advocate, and is expressed with so much feeling, and at the same time is so just and natural, that we think it deserves transplanting. [Ev. Post.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ADVOCATE.

Monsieur Editor—Je suis français, von Frenchman. I did come into dis contree pour liberte et tranquile—for pauvre France, malhereusement, dere is de grande confusion la—vell, sair, I arrive en Nouvelle York—oh, it is bootiful cite, belle ville, I have de lodgement en rue Broadway—a joli rue—fine street—sair, je sui malade, I am ver sick, mais I have not de fievre jaune, de yellow fever. I did go to sleep ver well—En de matin, in de morning vat you sall call, just at de peep of de day I am rouse vis de grand tapage—great noise—I ouvre a fenetre, ope de vindow, and I did say, vat you vont, eh? Begar, it was too petit negres—de littel black devil vat sweep de shinnies—de say, sair, ve vill sweep de shiminee. Allez vous en—diable—go away—vat you makee de noise, eh? for vy you derange my rest? Sair, de negre shake de head and go avay, singing very loud, *Sweep, Sweep*. I go to my bed—encore I am fatigue. By and by, directly, ven I shall go to sleep again, I hear more confusion—*Meelk, Meelk—Ouv Iye*. Vat is all dat? I discover it is de lait—de milk vat you drink in de caffe; diable m'emporte, for vy you no sell de milk vidout make de grand noise? Ver soon I hear encore von autre chose—*Klam, de Rockaway Klam*. Vat is *Klam*? I get out of my bed encore avec de mal de tete, vid a grand pain in my head. Sair, I cannot live in dis dam countree. I valk en Broadway apres dinee—dere is one little coquin, he cries, *Rosk, Te Rosk*. Ven it is night, I hear, *Ot Korn, Ot Korn*. Vat de diable is *Ot Korn*? I ask de negres ladi vat sell de article. I discover, par exemple, it is vat ve give to de cochons—de hogs en my countree. Den

dere is de cart—de bells—de gig—de bake pare. Sair, you ave de belle ville—de handsome ladi—de dandy jentimen—mai you make a to much noise pour moi—you will make me go to de ospital, vat you shall call de mad house. I vill go to von place call Babelon—dere is no noise dere—and, sair, if I cannot sleep in tranquile, begar I will go back to France encore.

Monsieur Editor, votre tres humble serviteur,
LA CARMAGNOLE.

DENSITY, WEIGHT, &c. OF THE EARTH.

From the experiments of Maskelyne, and the calculations of Hutton, Cavendish, Laplace, &c. it appears that considering the specific gravity of water as unity, the mean density of the earth would be, according to Hutton, 4.95; or according to Cavendish, 5.48. The mean most commonly adopted is, 5.4. Taking this as our ground work, we may now proceed to that most singular question of *weighing* the earth.

Assuming 7920 miles as the mean diameter of the earth, the number of cubic miles will be 239,979,311,961. Now each cubic mile contains 147,197,952,000 cubic feet; also every cubic foot of water weighs 1000 avoirdupoise ounces.

Hence a cubic mile of water will weigh 4,107,085,714 tons, and consequently a globe of water of equal dimensions with our earth would weigh

985,594,985,000,000,000,000 tons,
and that that multiplied by the calculated density, 5.4, gives

5,322,212,919,540,000,000,000 tons,
for the weight of the earth. [Liv. paper.

ANTIDOTES FOR POISON.

The many cases that occur of poisons being taken by mistake or design, induces us to publish the following directions, by an English physician, *J. Johnstone*, M. D. F. R. S. which have met the approbation of an eminent member of the faculty in this country, to whom we submitted them for his opinion.

1. When the preparations of arsenic, mercury, antimony, or of any metal, or when any unknown substance or matter has been swallowed, and there have speedily ensued heat of the mouth and throat, violent pain of the stomach, retching and vomiting; immediately drink plentifully of warm water, with common soap dissolved or scraped in it; two or three quarts of

warm water, with from three to four ounces to half a pound of soap will not be too much.

2. When any of the preparations of opium, henbane, nightshade, hemlock, tobacco, foxglove, or stramonium, or any poisonous fungus, mistaken for mushrooms, or spirituous liquors in excess, or any other unknown matters have been swallowed, exciting sickness without pain of the stomach, or producing giddiness, drowsiness, and sleep—give instantly one tablespoon full of flour of mustard in water, and repeat it in copious draughts of warm water constantly, until vomiting take place. If the person becomes so insensible as not to be easily roused—give the mustard in vinegar instead of water, and rub and shake the body actively and incessantly.

3. When oil of vitriol, spirits of salt, or aquafortis, have been swallowed or spilt upon the skin, immediately drink, or wash the part with, large quantities of water, and as soon as they can be procured, add soap, or potash, or chalk, to the water.

[*Trent. True Amer.*]

*Extract of a Letter from William Shel-
den, esq. to Professor Silliman, dated
Springfield, (Mass.) Feb. 27th, 1820.*

“Dear Sir—I send you a more particular account of the newly discovered properties of the chesnut.

“This tree (*Fagus castanea*, Linn.) is very abundant in New England and the middle states, and occurs in the mountainous districts as far southwardly as South Carolina or perhaps even in Georgia.

“It is one of the stateliest trees of the forest; scarcely less distinguished by the beauty of its foliage than by the durability of its wood. By repeated analysis, conducted with the minutest attention to every circumstance which would insure accuracy, it appears, incredible as it may seem, that the chesnut wood contains twice as much tannin as rossed oak bark, and six-sevenths as much colouring matter (which gives a black with iron) as logwood. I am aware that nothing could be further from the common apprehension than such results; but the uniform success of a great variety of experiments in tanning and dyeing, in addition to the other kind of evidence, should satisfy the most incredulous.

“The leather tanned with it has in every instance been superior to that tanned in a comparative experiment with oak bark, being firmer, less porous, and at the same time more pliable. The reason for this

difference will probably be found in the high state of oxygenizement of the bark, particularly of the epidermis, by which it is rendered in a certain degree acrid and corrosive.”

Cheap and Good Beer.—The papers give the following receipt to make that wholesome and necessary drink called beer. It may be made in five minutes and fit to drink in 8 hours after—and need cost but one cent a bottle.

Take 1 spoonful of ginger; 1 do. of cream of tartar; 1 pint yeast; 1 do. molasses and 6 quarts of water, mix together cold—let it stand a few hours till it begins to ferment; then bottle, set it in a cool place, and 8 hours after it will be fit for use.

FROM WALPOLE'S REMINISCENCES.

Lady Suffolk (a favourite of George II.) was early affected with deafness. Cheselden the surgeon, then in favour at court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned, he would try it; and, if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the man's pardon, who was cousin to Cheselden, who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation—and no more was heard of the experiment. The man saved his ear too—but Cheselden was disgraced at court.

Pope having drawn his famous character of Atossa, communicated it to the duchesses of Marlborough and Buckingham, pretending to each that it was levelled at the other. The Buckingham believed him: the Marlborough had more sense, and knew herself—and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress it—And yet he left the copy behind him!

Bishop Burnet, from absence of mind, had drawn as strong a picture of herself to the duchess of Marlborough, as Pope did under covert of another lady. Dining with the duchess after the duke's disgrace, Burnet was comparing him to Belisarius—“But how,” said she, “could so great a general be so abandoned?”—“Oh! madam,” said the bishop, “do not you know what a brimstone of a wife he had?”

Patent Machine Paper of J. & T. Gilpin, Brandywine.

Clark & Raser, Printers.